

Non-pull-out

is an arbitrary word used to designate the only bow (ring) which cannot be pulled off the watch.



Here's the idea

The bow has a groove on each end. A collar runs down inside the pendant (stem) and fits into the groove, firmly locking the bow to the pendant, so that it cannot be pulled or twisted off.

It positively prevents the loss of the watch by theft, and avoids injury to it from dropping.

IT CAN ONLY BE HAD WITH JAS. ROUSSEL'S OTHER WATCH CASES BEARING THIS TRADE MARK.

Ask watch dealers sell them without extra cost. Ask your jeweler for pamphlet, or send to the manufacturers.

Keystone Watch Case Co., PHILADELPHIA.

WINTER AT THE MILL.

The winding lane is filled with snow; The cold sky wears a frown; As far as hazy dreamland seems The warm of flowing town. And everything is white and chill When it is winter at the mill.

The mill wheel with its merry whirr, In toy hands is fast; No cheery neighbor seeks the door; No traveler wanders past. The path is lost across the hill When it is winter at the mill.

The miller reads the almanac; And wishes it were spring; When loaves come tumbling down the stream. And larks and vireos sing; The whole wide world is blank and still When it is winter at the mill.

The miller's wife, sore discontent, Sits by the casement low; And knits and watches the gray smoke From village chimneys blow. There is no gossip, good or ill, When it is winter at the mill.

But to the miller's little maid Time haunts on rosy wing. The father sits could never find In any haunts of spring. Fill all the freckled chimney nook Through magic of a story book. —Susan H. Swift in *Yours Companion*.

EXILED.

Gilbert de Saumour had just returned to Paris after 10 years' sojourn in America. He had left his country ruined and almost hopeless, a victim to his passion for gambling. He was quite young when he left France, but he had squandered away a large fortune and so had courageously decided to go into exile and try his luck in a new way—namely, by work! He had started away with \$20 in his pocket and had now returned after 10 years' slavery almost a rich man again.

He was once more on the boulevard, once more gazing at the brilliantly lighted shops and at the gay crowd of fashionable loungers who were strolling along apparently without a care in the world. At last, feeling a little tired, he sat down at one of the tables outside a cafe, idly wondering whether any of his former friends would recognize him again now.

Suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder, and turning round discovered an old acquaintance of his.

"De Saumour, is it possible? Why, old fellow, how many years is it since we met, or rather since we parted?"

"Ten years, Rouval—just 10 years since I started off with my \$20 to try my luck over the sea."

"And what sort of luck have you had, old fellow?"

"Very fair—better than I expected. I've come back again with enough of the 'needful' to go along all right now. How have you been getting on all these years?"

"Well, I've had some changes, like every one else. I'm married now and am getting on all right—at least I should if I could only leave the confounded cards alone."

"Take care, Rouval, if you go in for that still, I ought to have been warning to some of you. Why don't you give that sort of thing up once and for all?"

"That's easier said than done. What is a fellow to do at the club, and then if once you've won from a man you cannot refuse to let him have his chance, and so you go on. I say, you'll come home with me? I want to hear all about your doings and introduce you to my wife."

"I should like to come very much"—"Well, it's settled then. Now tell me something about your life over yonder. How did you ever get a start?"

"Well, I had a bad time at first, I confess. The motto of the country there is 'Every man for himself.' If one cannot hold one's own in the fierce competition that is waged, then there is nothing to do but give in and disappear. On the contrary, if you've got some grip in you and can hold on and have got just enough money in your pocket to keep you from starving till you get your foot on the ladder, why, there's a chance for you."

"I stood off at nothing, as I did not know a soul in the whole country. As I knew a good deal about horses, I offered my services as coachman to a New York physician and had the honor of driving him about all day to visit his patients."

"De Saumour, is it possible?"

"It was, Rouval; that was precisely how I commenced. When I had got used to the life over there and saw how things went, I ventured on other things, and I certainly had good luck, for everything I touched succeeded. As soon

Last June, Dick Crawford brought his twelve-months old child, suffering from infantile diarrhoea, to me. It had been weaned at four months old and being sickly everything ran through it like water through a sieve. I gave it the usual treatment in such cases but without benefit. The child kept growing thinner until it weighed but little more than when born, or perhaps ten pounds. I then started the father to giving Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Before one bottle of the 25 cent size had been used, a marked improvement was seen and its continued use cured the child. Its weakness and pony constitution disappeared and its father and myself believe the child's life was saved by this Remedy. J. T. Marlow, M. D., Tamarac, Ill. For sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, Ohio.

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HAUNTED.

am haunted, gentle reader, but in such a pleasant way. I do not fear the "specter" one iota. In fact, I would consider it a dreary sort of day in which I was unable to devote a good portion of the fleeting hours unto my cheerful "phantom."

And I'm "awful sorry" for the folks who have no "ghost" to "haunt" 'em!

My little "spook" came down the stair to "haunt" me to-night. As late I labored over a dreary matter. Through the grim shadows of the hall I caught a glimpse of white.

And heard a tiny slipper's gentle patter. And presently a baby voice came through the door to greet me.

"Say, popper, did you sink I was a goblin come to eat ye?" —Harper's Magazine.

SHE WAS A HEROINE.

"Tell me about it, Uncle Jerry."

He was a character in his quiet way—the skipper par excellence of the little seaport of L—.

We were great friends, he and I, and many a long summer day had I spent beside the bent old frame, watching his rough fingers mend nets or sails with the deftness grown from long practice and listening to his tales with keen enjoyment.

But there was one incident of his life on which he never touched, nor could any amount of coaxing induce him to approach it.

It had happened while I was in Europe. I found him greatly changed by my return after a six years' absence.

This afternoon, for the first time, he betrayed a willingness to confide in me.

"It were nine five years ago—the year before the hotel was built. The cove was crowded. It seemed like we had all mor'n we could make comfortable, and the boarders were crowded into old Miss Holt's in a way that did seem wonder-

ful when we heard how they lived in their big city homes. The derelict boat of a sea eagle, a 30 footer, on a regular goer. I calculated ter make a heap out o' pleasure parties an' such—an' I did. I tuk the same crowd pretty reg'lar, an' in time I got to know 'em well. They was as nice as a lot of young things as ever came in my path, but they was carelesslike, an' they didn't allys think."

"The sailin' bothered me. They was all over the boat at once, an' nothin' would do but I must larn 'em to sail."

"I grew powerful fond o' 'em all, but there was one little girl I tuk a special shine to. She wasn't very strong—I heard tell she was jest gettin over a fever. She had a sickly look, but you could see she'd been bonny."

"I remember a trick she had of takin' off her cap an' lettin' the wind blow her hair. An' one day she says to me, 'Uncle Jerry, I believe I could sail a boat as well as any one if I were only strong'er.' Bless her heart! I'd have trusted her sooner'n any young feller in the party if she'd had a little more muscle in her arm."

"There was a young feller in the party named Grey. He was a likely chap, about 20, reckon. He had lots of money, an' I heard from some of the ladies' gals that he used to be a great friend o' Miss May's before she was sick, but he was a great sport, an' after she begun to go about, an' he found she couldn't do things as he did, he jest naturally slipped away from her and tuk to goin' with Miss Julie Webb."

"Miss Julie was mighty pretty, with frowsy light hair, a mouth big enough to swallow a doughnut ball, an' rows of teeth like pearls. I heard Mr. Grey say. She had a voice like a steam whistle. There warn't nothin she couldn't do except keep still, an' bein Mr. Hugh was always doing himself they spent most of their time together."

"Miss May used to watch 'em with that heart breakin look on her dear face. It was the 10th of August. The month had been very hot, and we hadn't had any sailin breeze for four days, but that mornin a nice, stiff breeze begun to come in from the sea. Well, I was settin in my door mendin a sail, for my coatboat, when I heard the crowd a-comin. I al-ways knew 'em by Miss Julie's voice. I most generally could hear that by the time they left Miss Holt's door. They had a couple of city fellers down from the city for the day, an' nothin would do but I must take 'em sailin."

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I thought she'd gone clean out of her mind with fear, but it was nothing of the kind, for the next moment she says, still joking like: 'The idea of Tom's bein such a coward! Hugh, will you an' the boys git down the sail for the captain! Tom's below an' can't do anythin'.'

"Then I knew she knew, an' that she saw our danger as plain as I did. The boys sprang for'ard, but they hadn't time to reef it, so they jest cut it away an' tried to reef the jib instead. The mast bent like a fishpole, an' every minute I thought to hear it crack."

"All this time the water was comin over the sides, an' little Miss May stood there up to her knees in it, coaxin those great, healthy boys an' girls, an' scoldin when she couldn't keep 'em quiet without it. Then, as the boys turned to come aft, the city feller lost his footing, an' over he went after Tom. Mr. Hugh an' the other feller just looked at each other, an' staggered to their places, an' they ran into Miss May. She didn't give 'em time to git more scared. She jest handed 'em two buckets, an' said, kinder stern: 'Here, don't be cowards. If we must die, let's die bravely, but in the meantime—work.'"

"They told me afterward that her grandfather was a famous sea captain that went down standin on the bridge of his ship, an' I guess she tuk after him, an' it come to the top when it was wanted, 'cause she was cool as a cucumber. As fast as the others got scared she grew quiet, an' her voice, that was so soft and gentle when she used to sit beside me, rang like a bell as she told 'em what to do. We were gettin on now. With that wind at our backs an' the rain cut of the foam we couldn't help it. We were in past the lighthouse, an' I began to think we'd weather it. Just then there was a report like a pistol, an' I went heelin to leeward with my arm in flinders. I remember thinkin that was the end o' things, an' then I fainted."

"When I came to, there was Miss May an' Mr. Hugh holdin the tiller with all their might. The derelict rope I had used to lash the handle had broke. My arm was painin me jest awful, but I managed to put my left shoulder to the wheel, so to speak, an' found I could hold considerable. The rope had got pushed about the painter of the dory an' was trailin in the water behind. The girls had kinder waked up, all but Miss Julie. She couldn't seem to get over her fear, but sat there as white as a ghost, with her teeth chatterin. I think Mr. Hugh's eyes begun to be opened then, for he gave Miss May the queerest look. She met his eyes, an' for a moment her bright new color went away; then she turned to me an' said, so pitiful: 'Poor Uncle Jerry! Hugh, help me to lash the rudder again; Uncle Jerry can't stand much more.'"

"I moved a rope, an' they both reached for the rope. The next moment Miss May gave a horrid groan, an' Mr. Hugh was in the water holdin on by the rope. Miss May's face was deathly pale, an' she was all bent over in the queerest way—telling Mr. Hugh to be patient. She didn't seem able to move, an' I remember I was sort o' cross at the idea of her givin out jest when she was most needed. I called one of the boys, an' between us we got Mr. Hugh on board, Miss May all the time leanin more an' more over the side, till I feared she'd be over too."

"Uncle Jerry paused to control the quiver in his old voice."

"As we pulled Mr. Hugh on board there was a sudden jerk, an' Miss May went over. I saw then what the trouble was. The rope that held the dory was only partly cut, an' the sudden pull Mr. Hugh had given it had hauled it tight, an' drawn Miss May's arms tight across her chest. The pain must have been awful, for when we found her both arms were broken, an' there was a great dent across her chest where the breath had been knocked out of her, almost. She knew if she said anything Mr. Hugh would let go, so after that first cry she never let a sound pass her lips."

"Goodby, Uncle Jerry," she says. Then she looked at Mr. Hugh, an' that look has haunted me ever since, it was so full of love! 'Goodby, Hugh. My dear, dear Hugh,' she said, an' his name as it left her lips was the last sound she made. Then the water closed over, an' she never rose again."

"Uncle Jerry didn't cry to conceal the honest tears that rolled down his cheeks, and something in my own eyes blurred the sea from my vision. Neither spoke for a minute; then I said: 'Did you say they found her?'"

"Uncle Jerry replied gruffly: 'I found her myself, after the storm, lyin on a bed of seaweed, that same lovin look on her face. It closed the season at Miss Holt's, an' I sold the foam for \$20 to get her out o' the bay, an' I hain't never tuk a pleasure party since. Guess I must paint my own to-day.'"

"And gathering up his brushes Uncle Jerry left me abruptly and started through the heavy sands for home, while I moved my seat out of reach of the incoming tide and watched his stooping figure till it vanished in the door of his cabin and meditated on what I had heard.—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

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